

Storm by Siver

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Summary:

They lay awake that stormy night with memories of another

Storm

Author's Note:

100 multifandom challenge

Prompt: storm

The dark room lights up briefly and Jenna's eyes flash open as a roll of thunder sounds overhead. *Not again* is the first conscious thought to pierce through the mindless terror. She clenches her blanket close and breathes.

The rain pattering against her bedroom window is steady, but not the torrential downpour embedded in her memory. The thunder is loud, but not deafening. They're safe, they're safe, they're safe.

When her grandparents comes to check on her she clings to them both and they hold her tight against the memories of a shattered house and absent family.

Sleep never did come and now Isaac lays still, staring into the darkness as his hands form into fists against his mattress at every boom of thunder and crack of lightning. Over it all he can still hear the crash of the boulder that brought that day to its terrible end.

It won't happen again. She's safe. He's safe. They all have to be safe.

His mother enters while another flash of lightning lights the room. She sits mutely on the side of his bed. They hold onto each other and know they both keenly feel his absence.

Garet winces as he awakens to the rain and the boom of thunder. His heart pounds and all at once he can feel the terror of that storm. He can feel the anxiety of trying to get away, to save what they could, and to get to safety.

He can see the shock and horror on everyone's faces. He's frozen with that same horror. Gone, just like that. They were all gone with nothing but shattered wood left behind.

He gets up and goes to the rest of the house. His sister still sleeps as do his parents. He sits at the table in warmth and safety. Nothing will happen.

The three meet in the morning in a silent exchange of hugs. No words need to be spoken. They know and they have each other always.